PETER PATTER SONGS

by

Brian E. Drake

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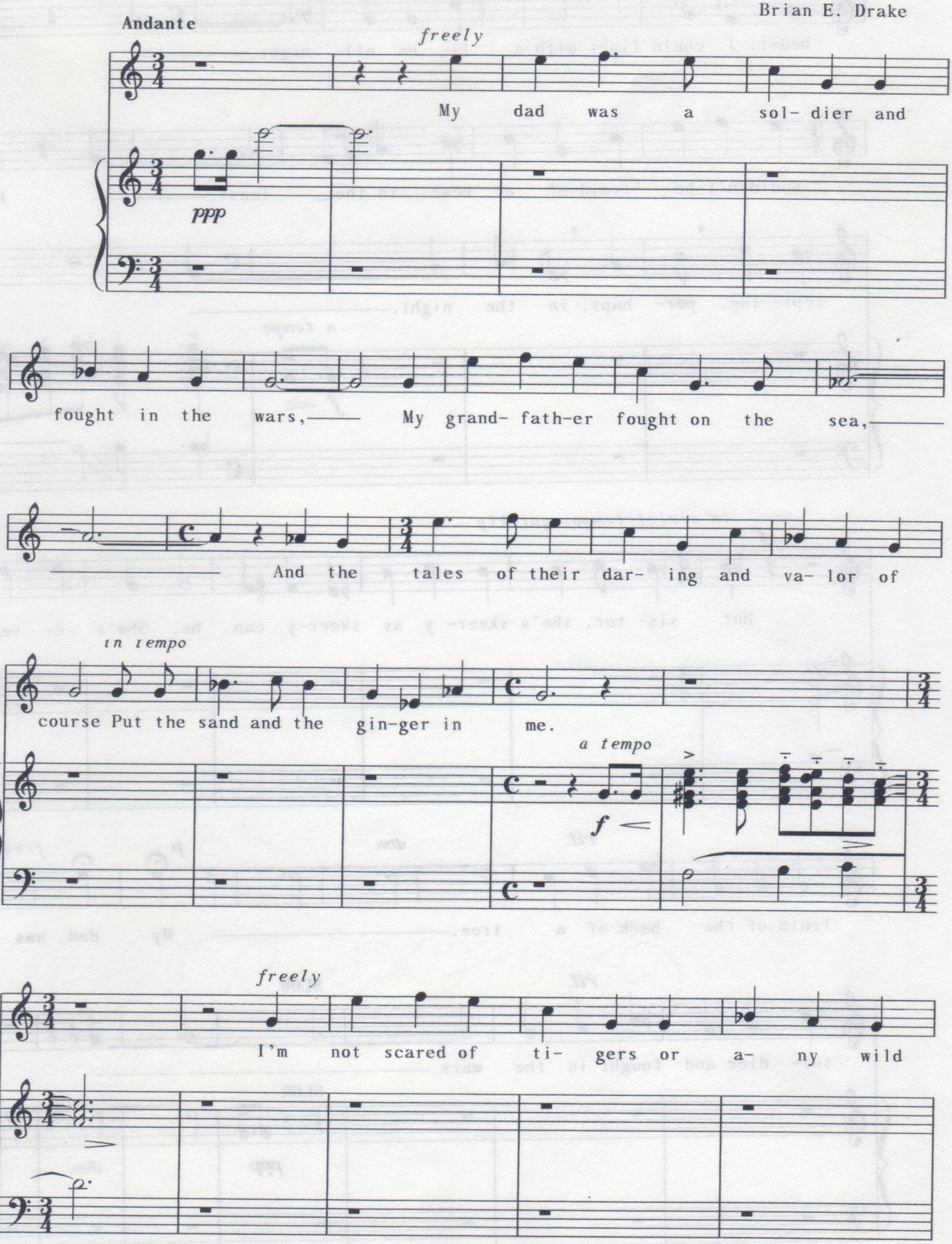
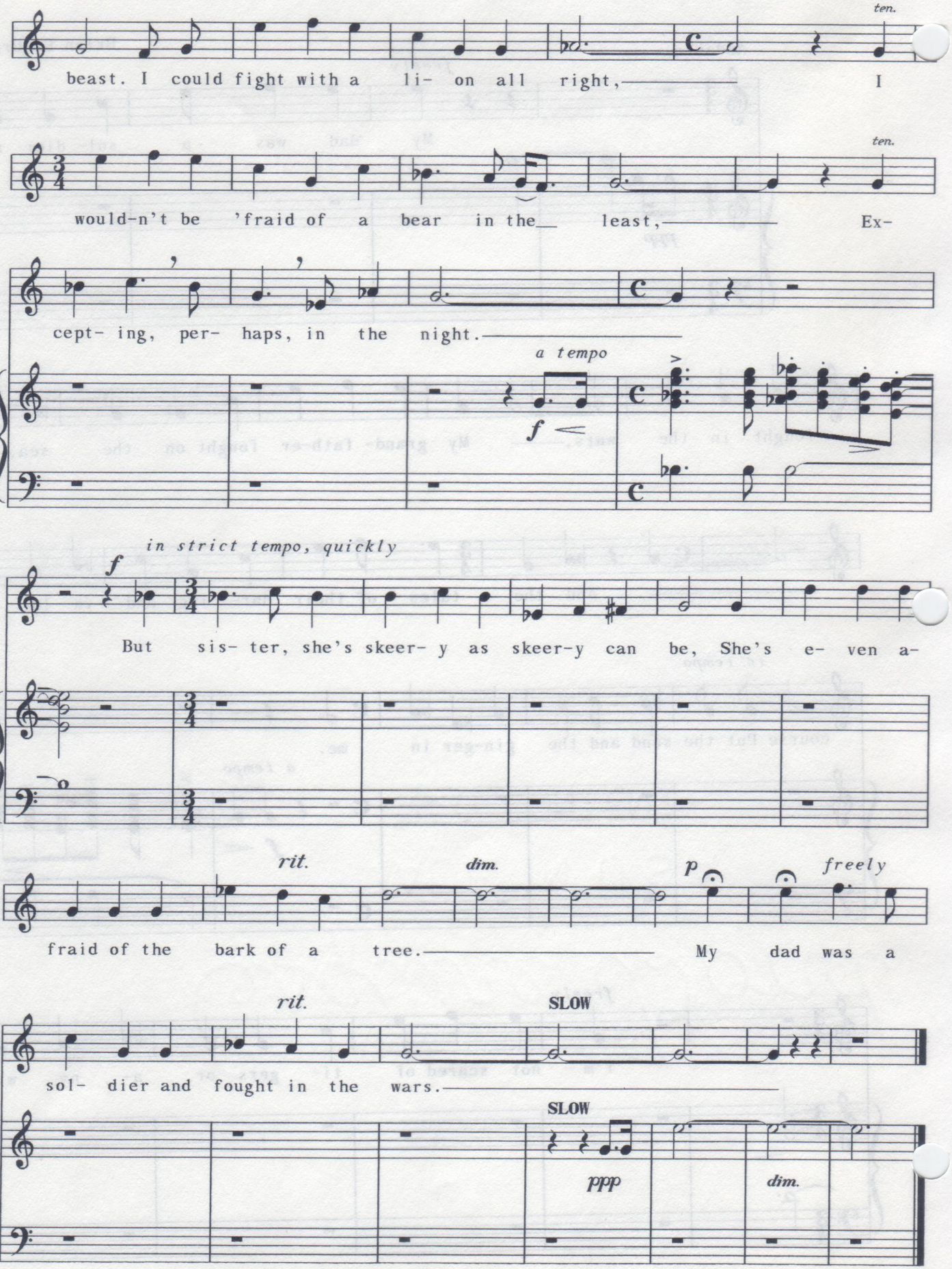
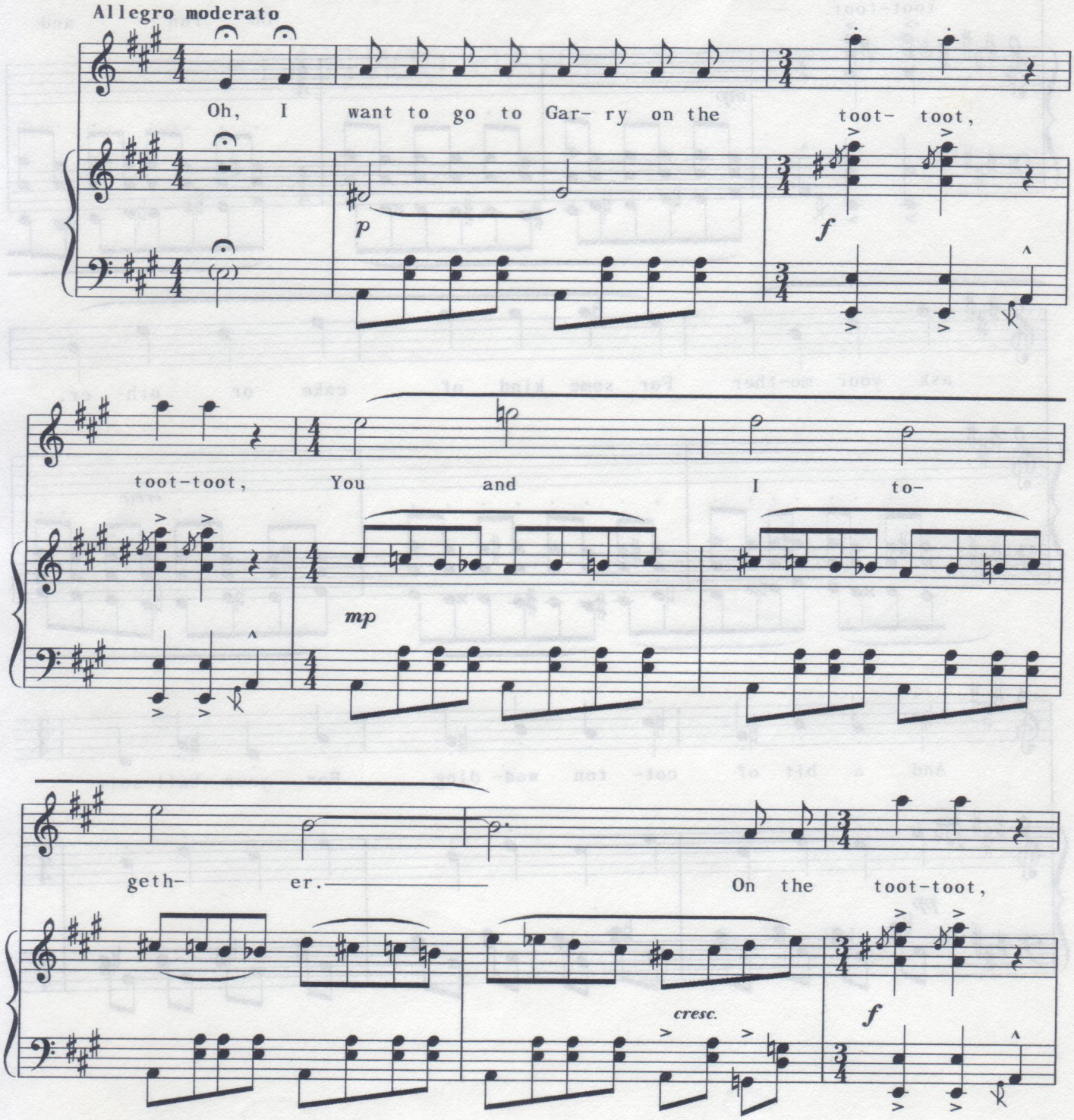
1. THE HERO

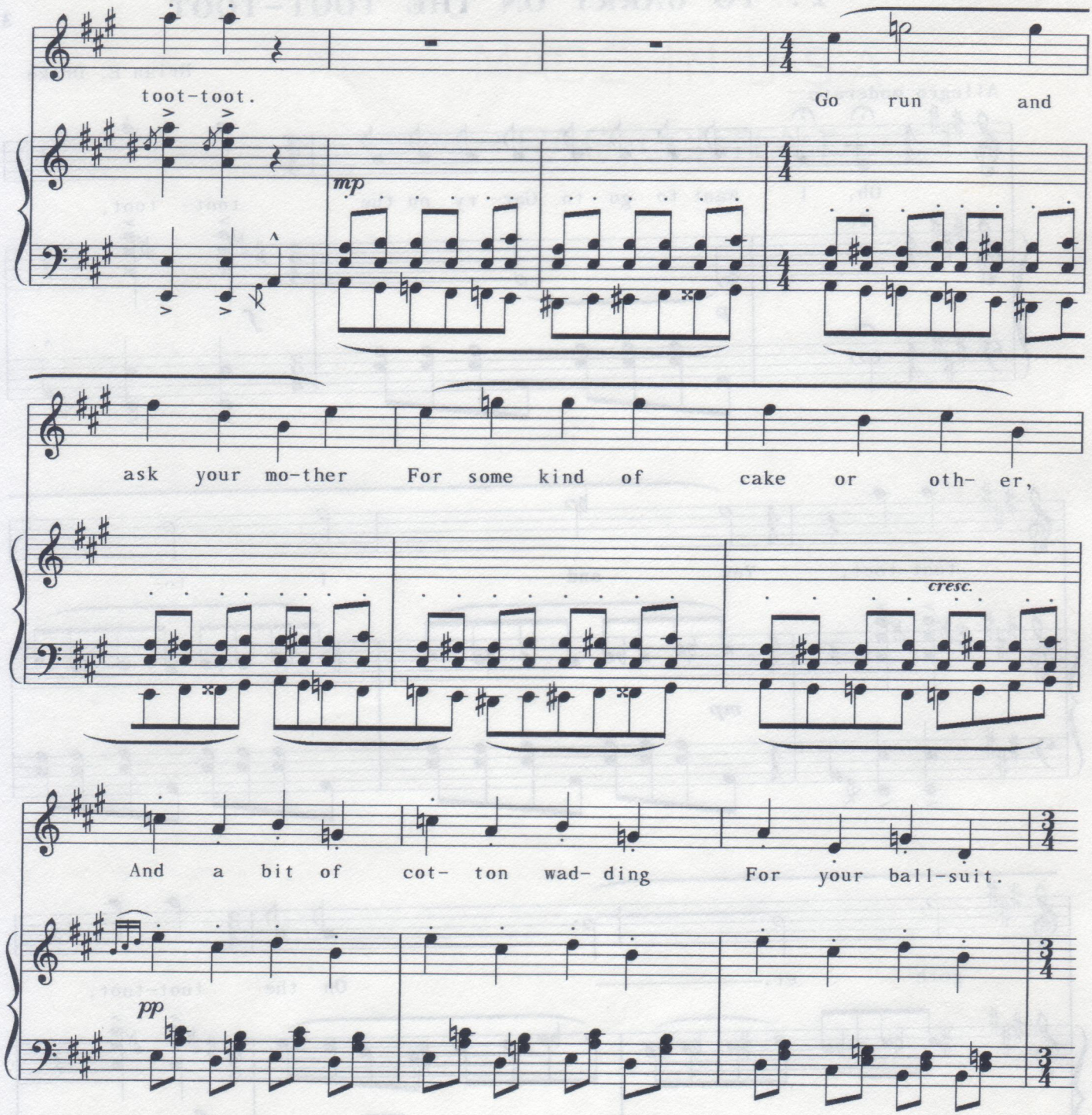
Brian E. Drake

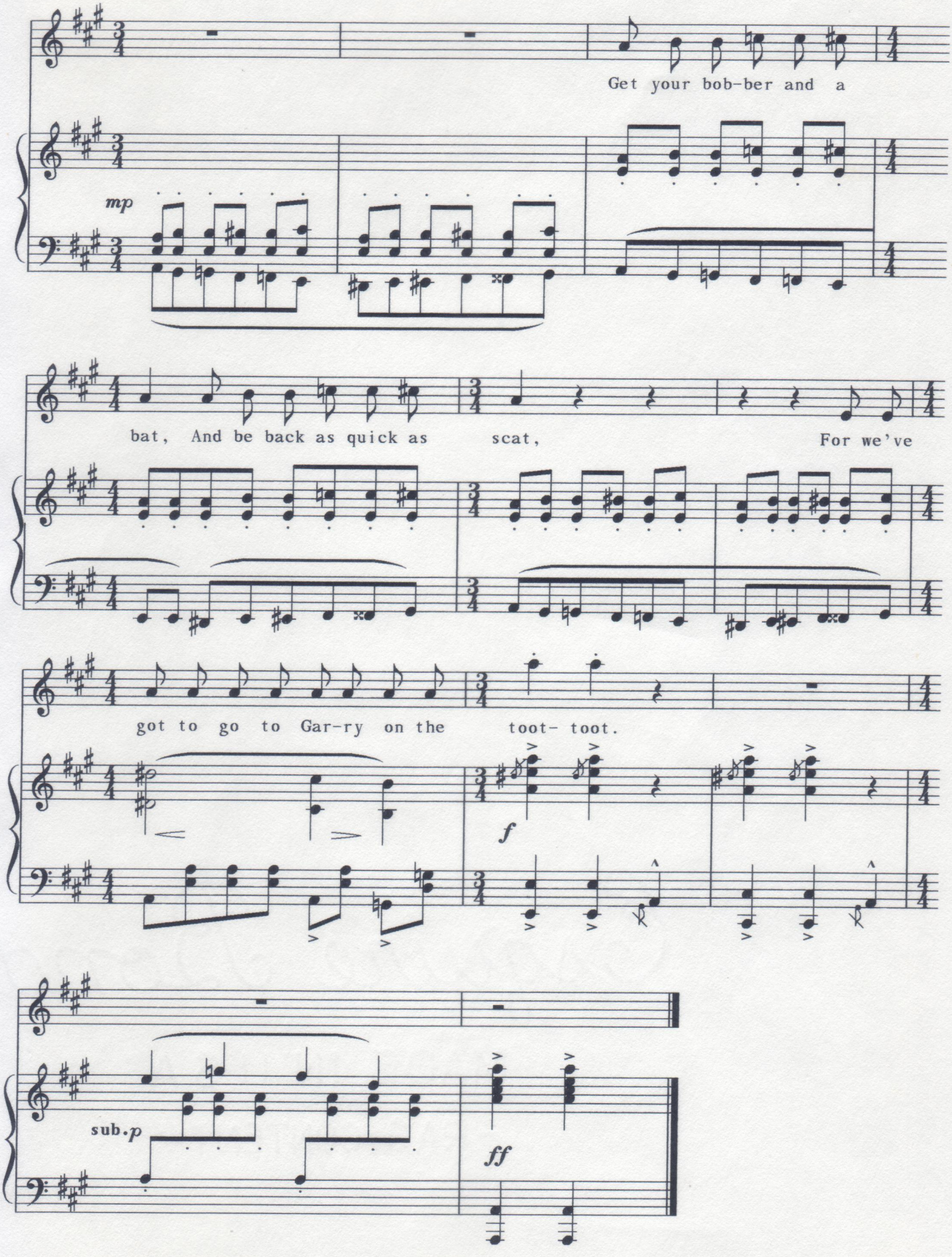

Andante
freely
My dad was a sol- dier and
ppp
fought in the wars, My grand- fath-er fought on the sea,
And the tales of their dar- ing and va- lor of
in tempo
course Put the sand and the gin-ger in me.
a tempo
f
freely
I'm not scared of ti- gers or a- ny wild

ten.
beast. I could fight with a li- on all right, I
ten.
would-n't be 'fraid of a bear in the least, Ex-
cept- ing, per- haps, in the night.
a tempo
f
in strict tempo, quickly
f
But sis- ter, she's skeer- y as skeer-y can be, She's e- ven a-
rit.
dim.
p
freely
fraid of the bark of a tree. My dad was a
rit.
SLOW
sol- dier and fought in the wars.
SLOW
ppp
dim.

2. TO GARRY ON THE TOOT-TOOT

Brian E. Drake



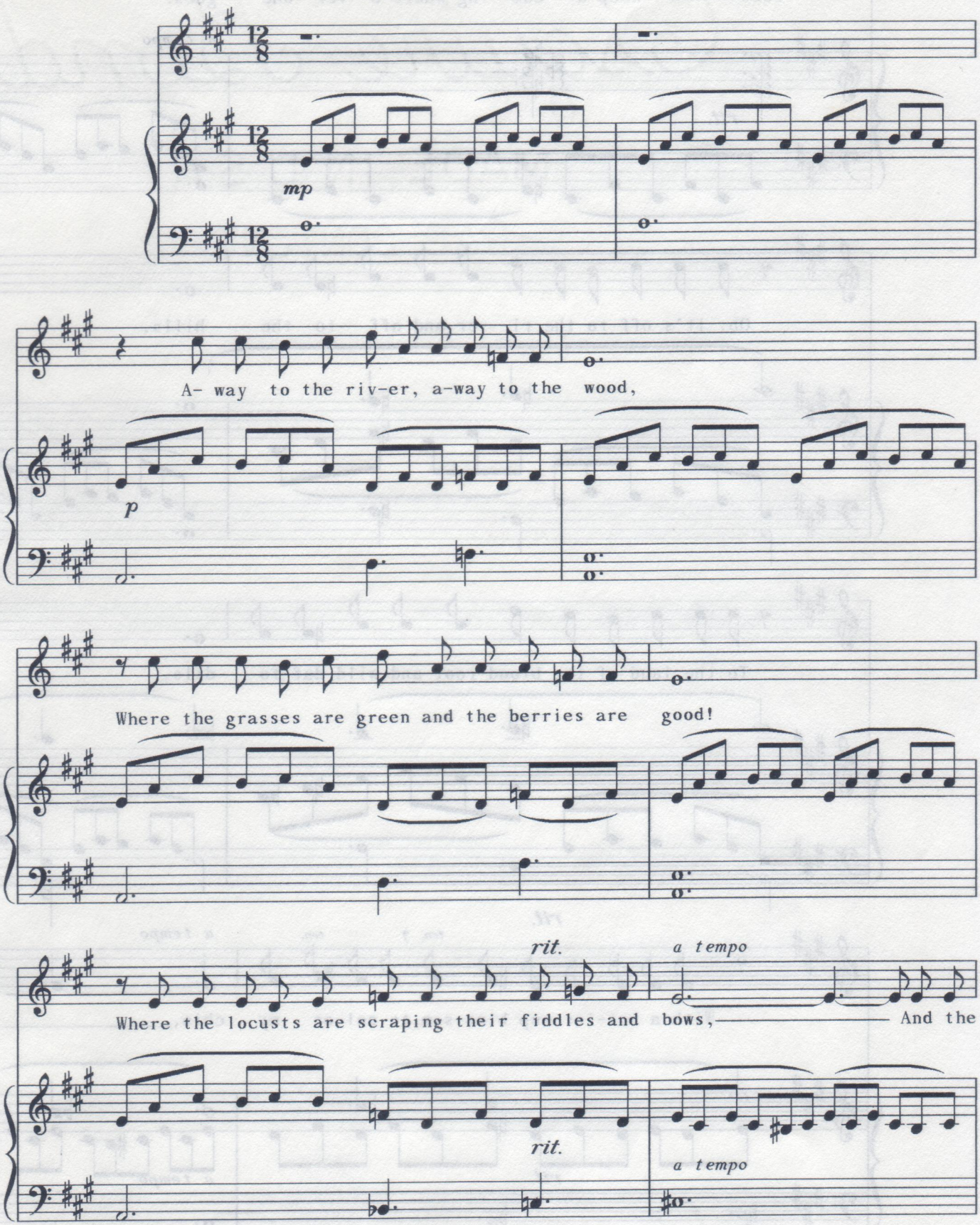
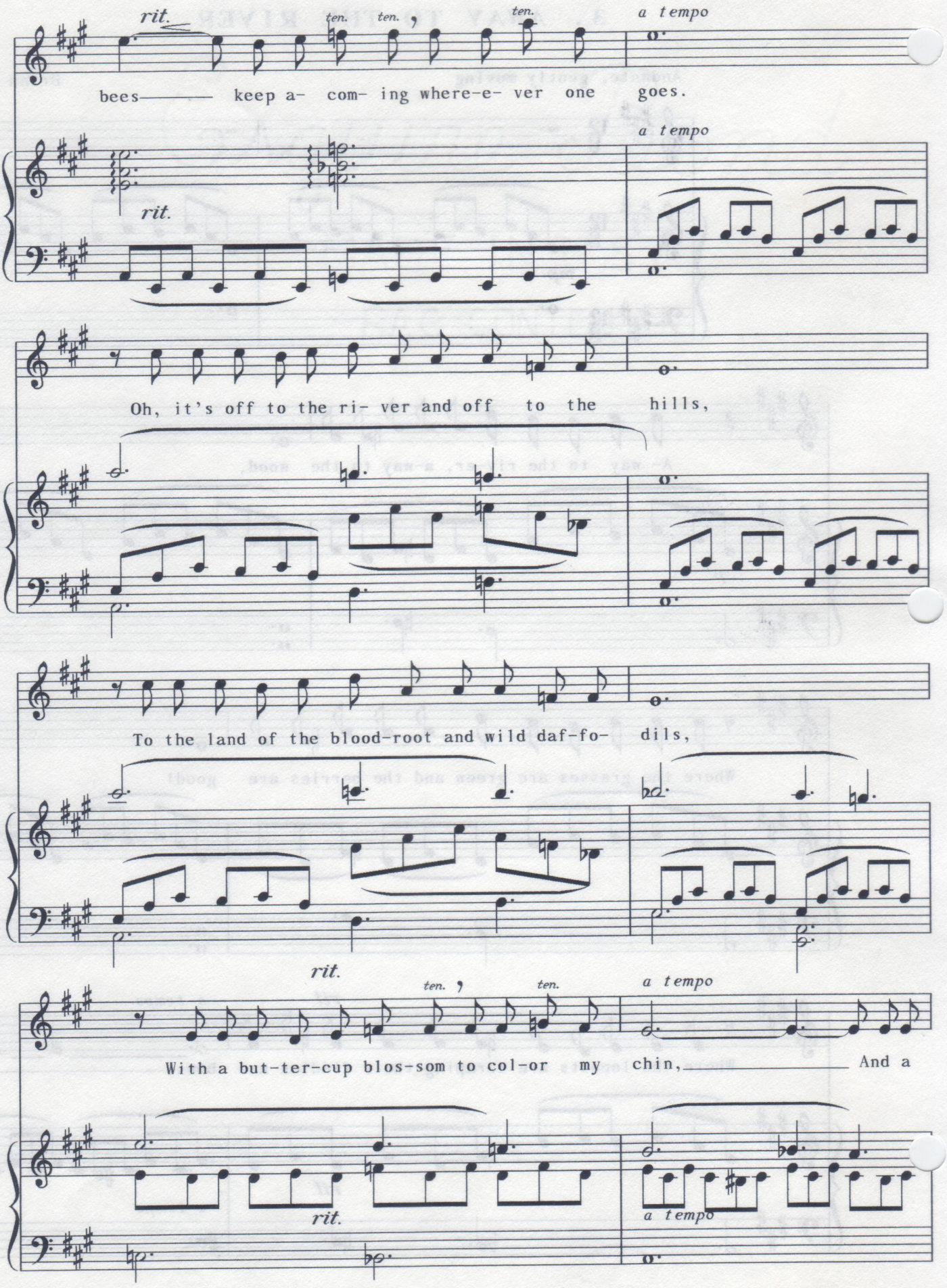
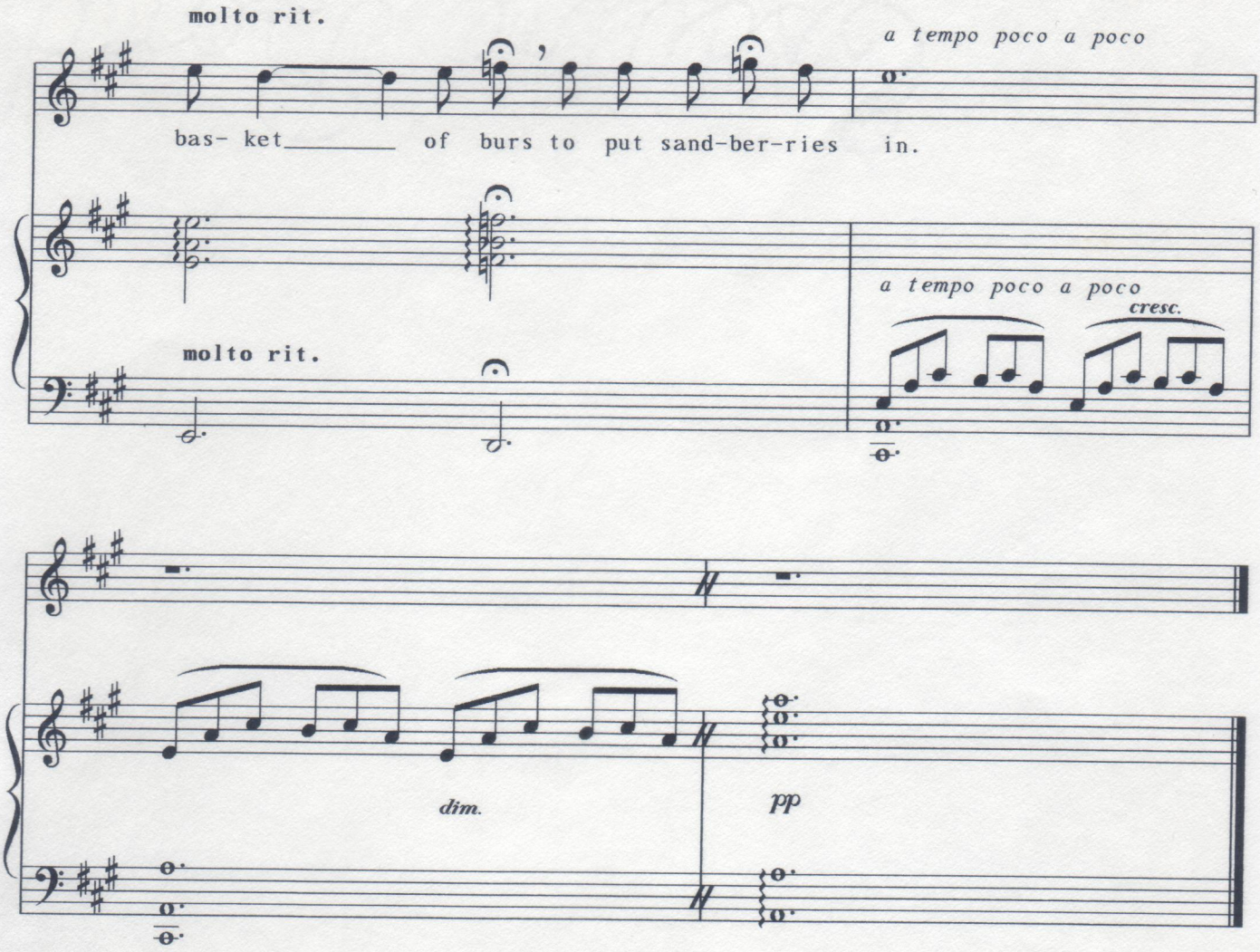
©1993 by Brian E. Drake

toot-toot.
Go run and
mp
ask your mo-ther For some kind of cake or oth- er,
cresc.
And a bit of cot- ton wad- ding For your ball-suit.
pp


Get your bob-ber and a
mp
bat, And be back as quick as scat, For we've
got to go to Gar-ry on the toot- toot.
f
sub.p
ff

3. AWAY TO THE RIVER

Andante, gently moving

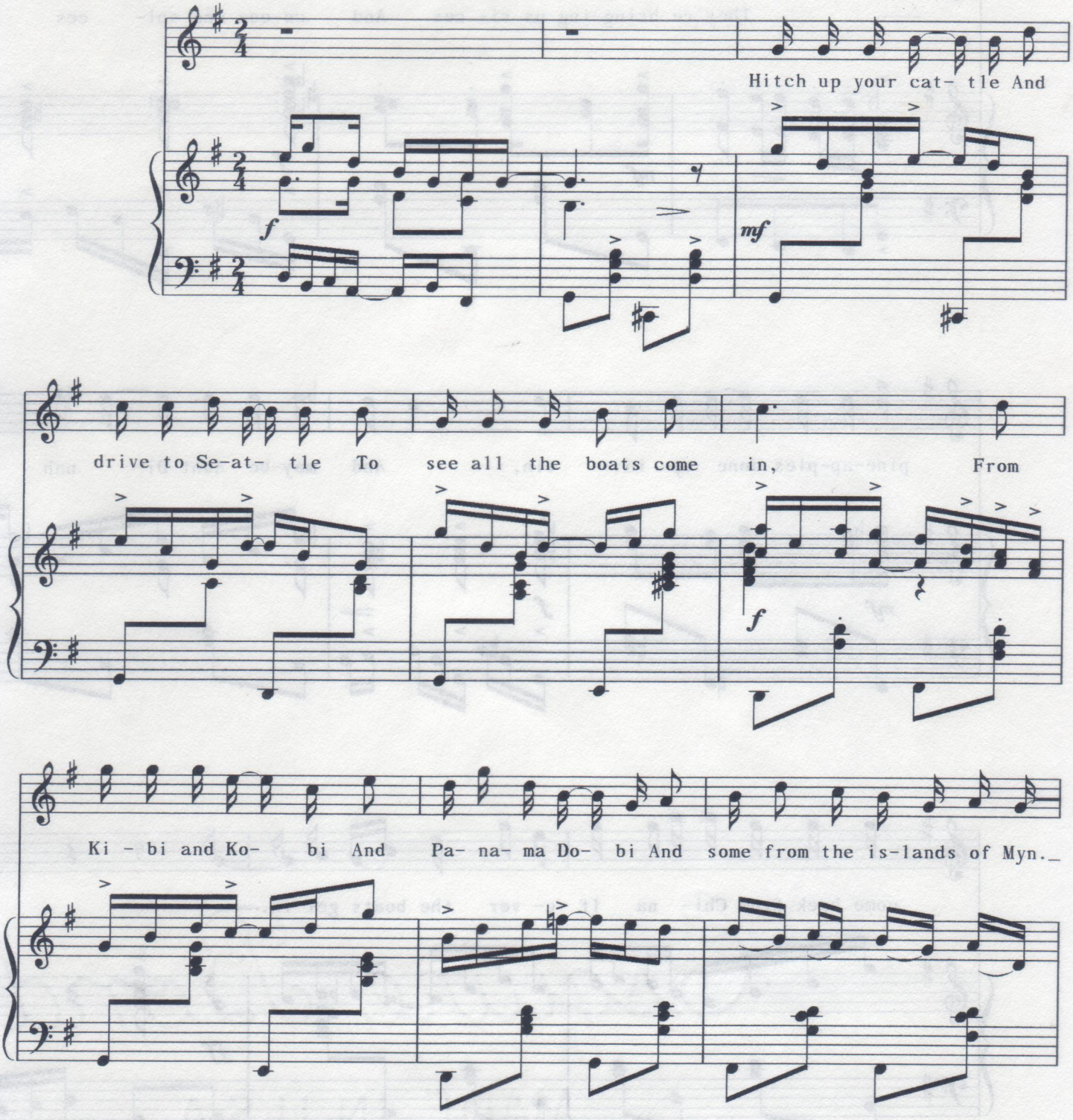
Brian E. Drake

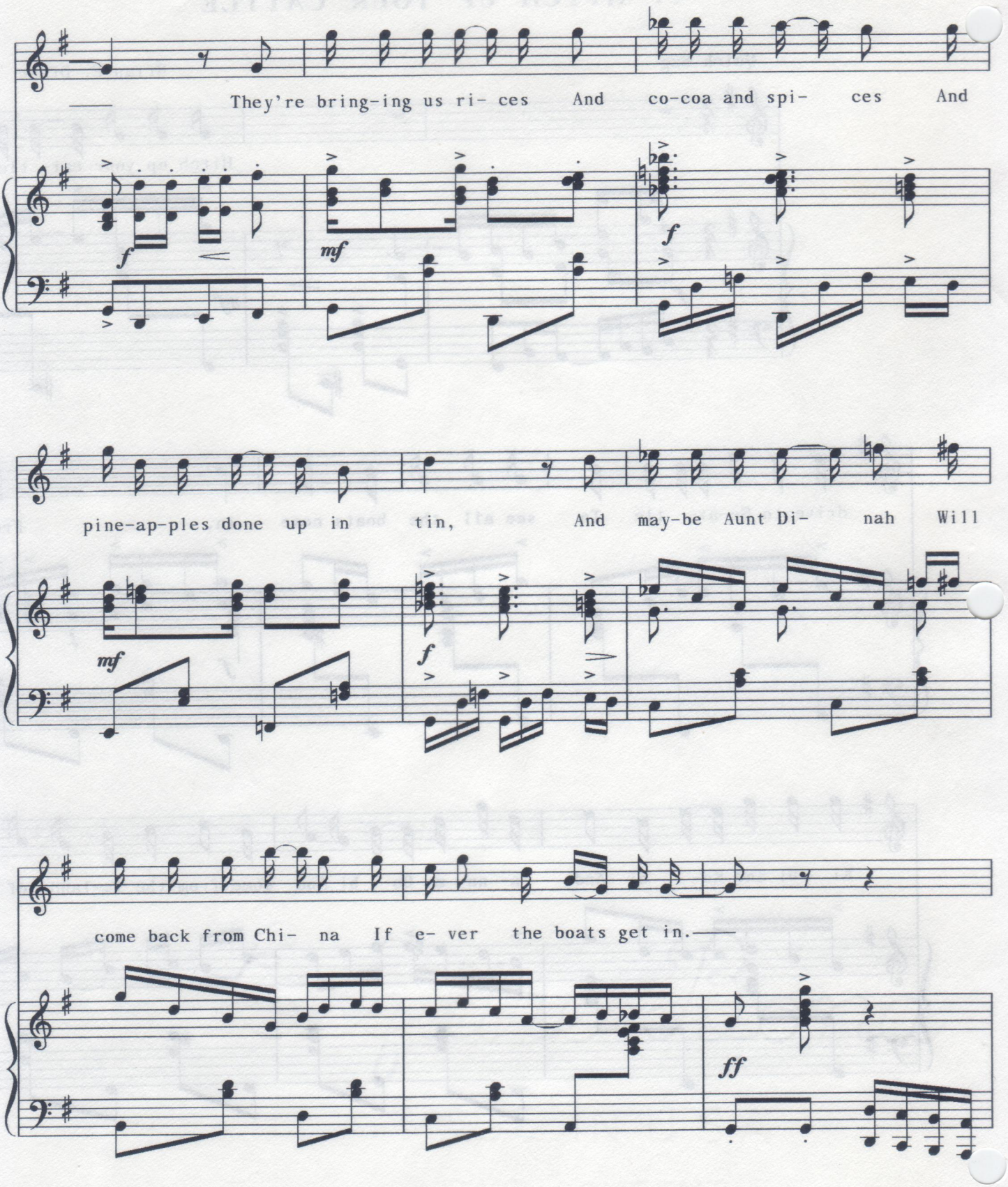

mp
A- way to the riv-er, a-way to the wood,
p
Where the grasses are green and the berries are good!
rit.
a tempo
Where the locusts are scraping their fiddles and bows, And the
rit.
a tempo

rit.
ten.
ten.
ten.
a tempo
bees keep a- com- ing where-e- ver one goes.
rit.
a tempo
Oh, it's off to the ri- ver and off to the hills,
To the land of the blood-root and wild daf-fo- dils,
rit.
ten.
ten.
a tempo
With a but-ter-cup blos-som to col-or my chin, And a
rit.
a tempo

molto rit.
a tempo poco a poco
bas- ket_____ of burs to put sand-ber-ries in.
a tempo poco a poco
cresc.
molto rit.
dim.
pp

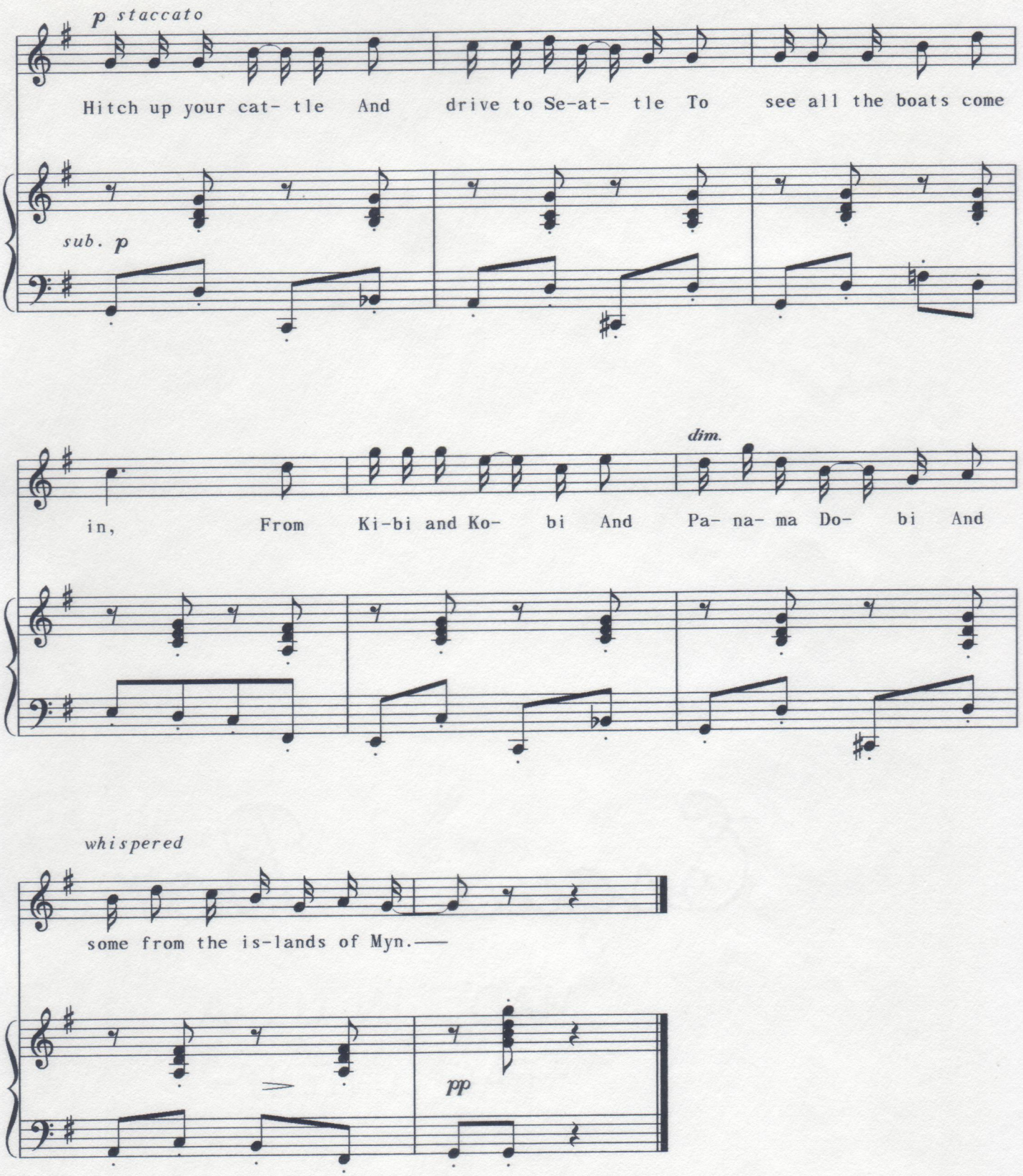
4. HITCH UP YOUR CATTLE

Quick Rag

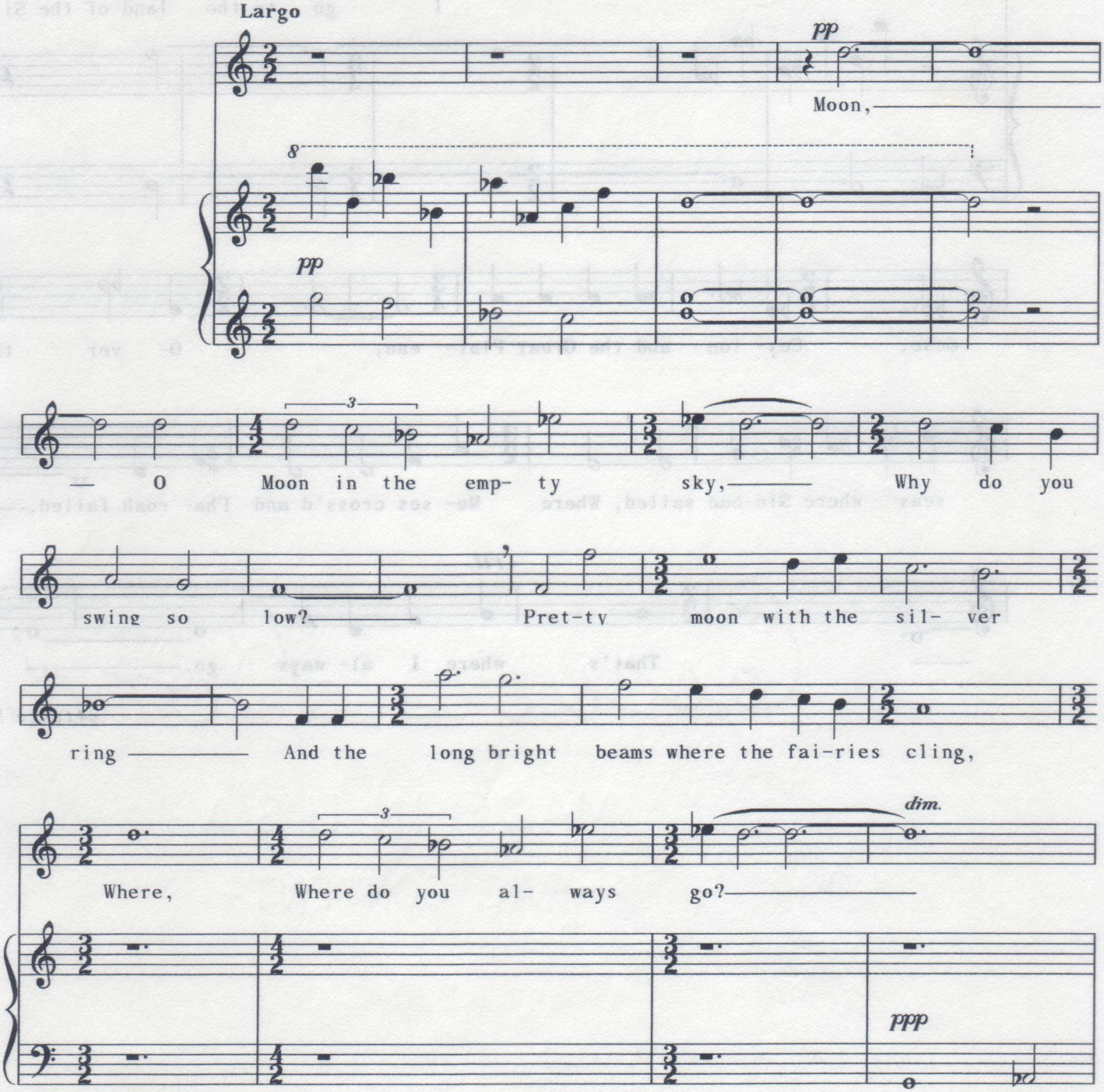
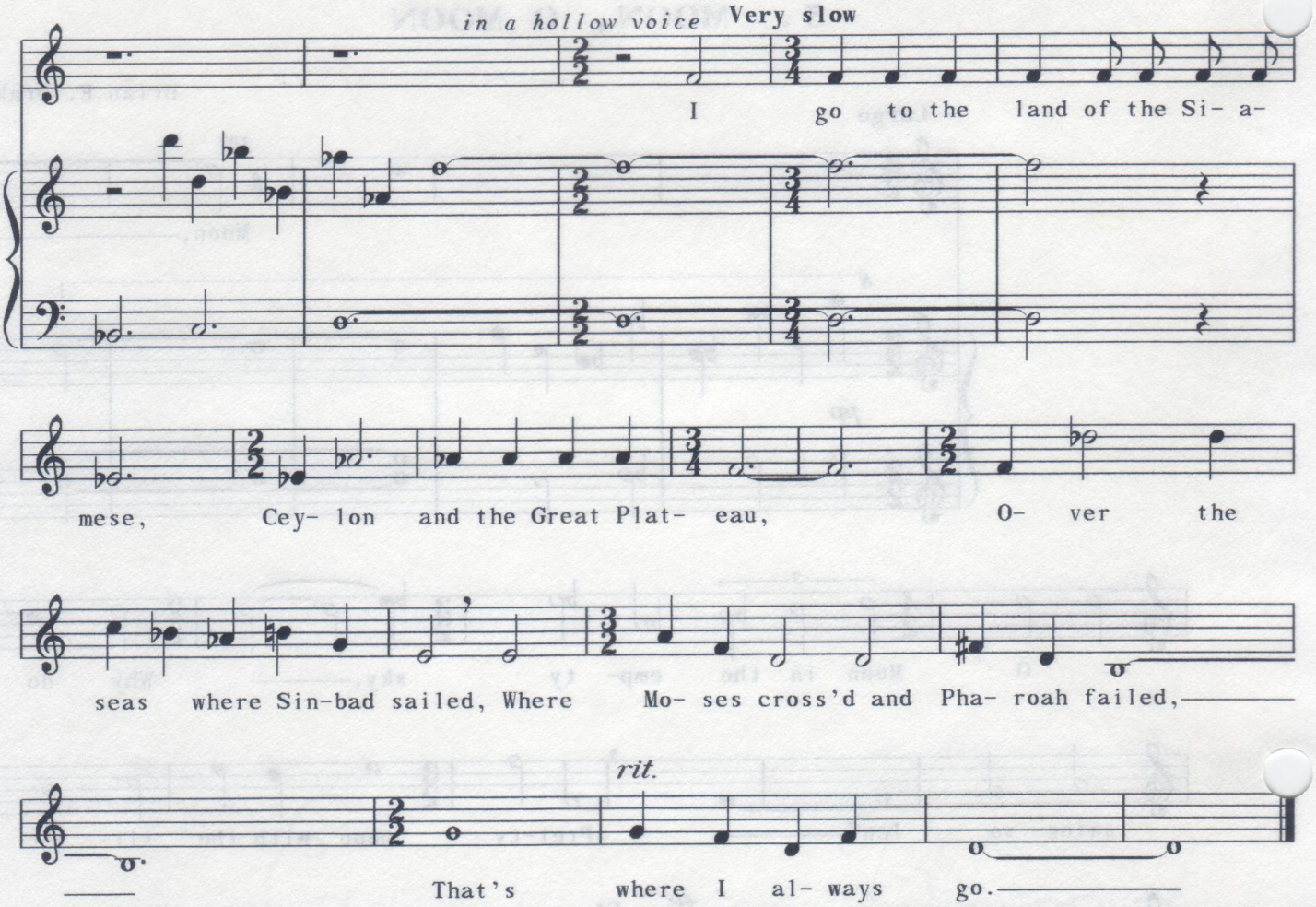
Brian E. Drake


Hitch up your cat- tle And
drive to Se-at- tle To see all the boats come in, From
Ki - bi and Ko- bi And Pa- na- ma Do- bi And some from the is-lands of Myn._


They're bring-ing us ri- ces And co-coa and spi- ces And
pine-ap-ples done up in tin, And may-be Aunt Di- nah Will
come back from Chi- na If e- ver the boats get in.——
f
mf
f
mf
f
ff


p staccato
Hitch up your cat- tle And drive to Se-at- tle To see all the boats come
sub. p
dim.
in, From Ki-bi and Ko- bi And Pa- na- ma Do- bi And
whispered
some from the is-lands of Myn.——
pp

5. MOON, O MOON

Brian E. Drake


in a hollow voice
Very slow
I go to the land of the Si- a-
mese, Cey- lon and the Great Plat- eau, O- ver the
seas where Sin-bad sailed, Where Mo- ses cross'd and Pha- roah failed,
rit.
That's where I al- ways go.

attacca No. 6

6. A CANDLE, A CANDLE

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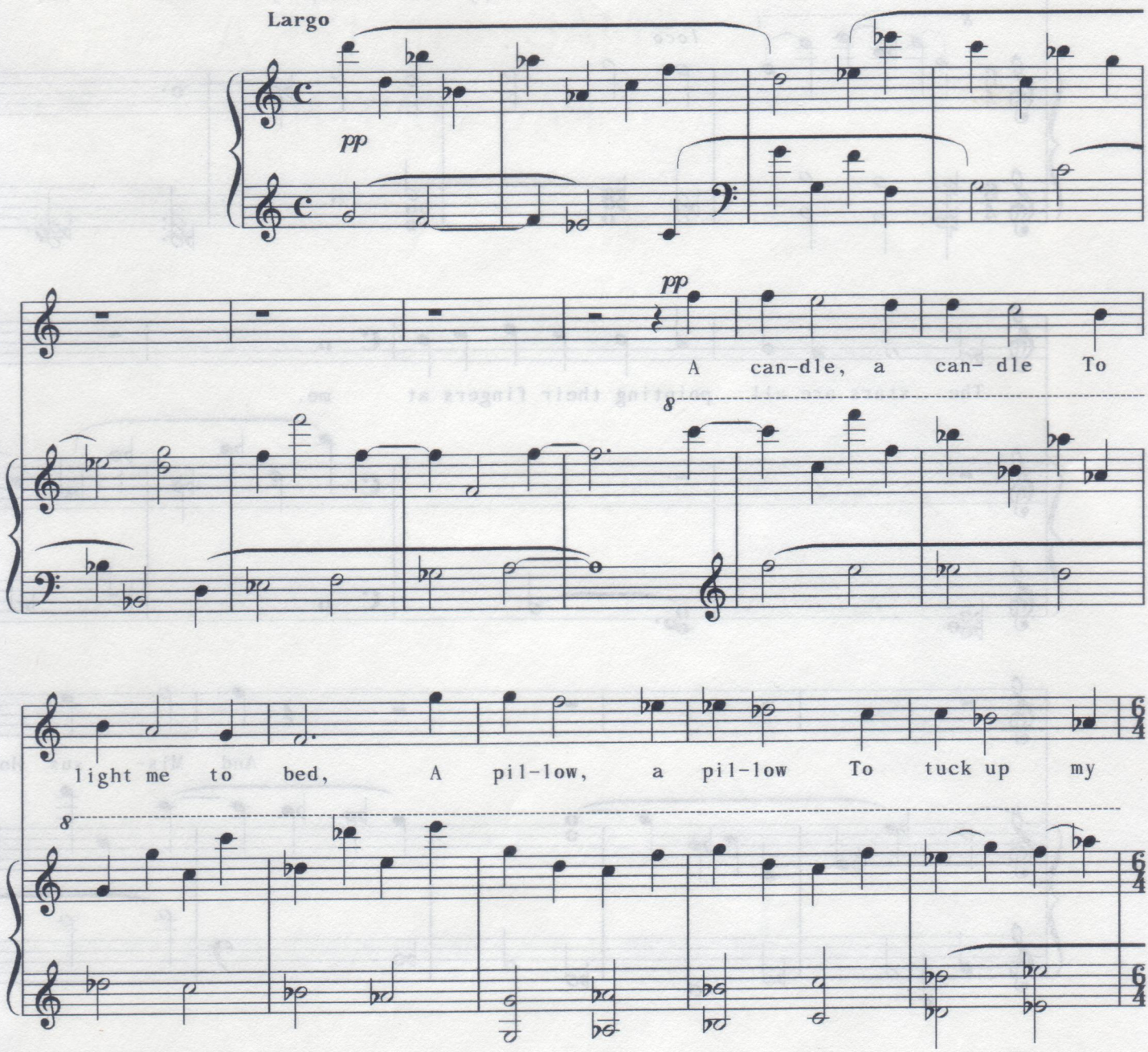
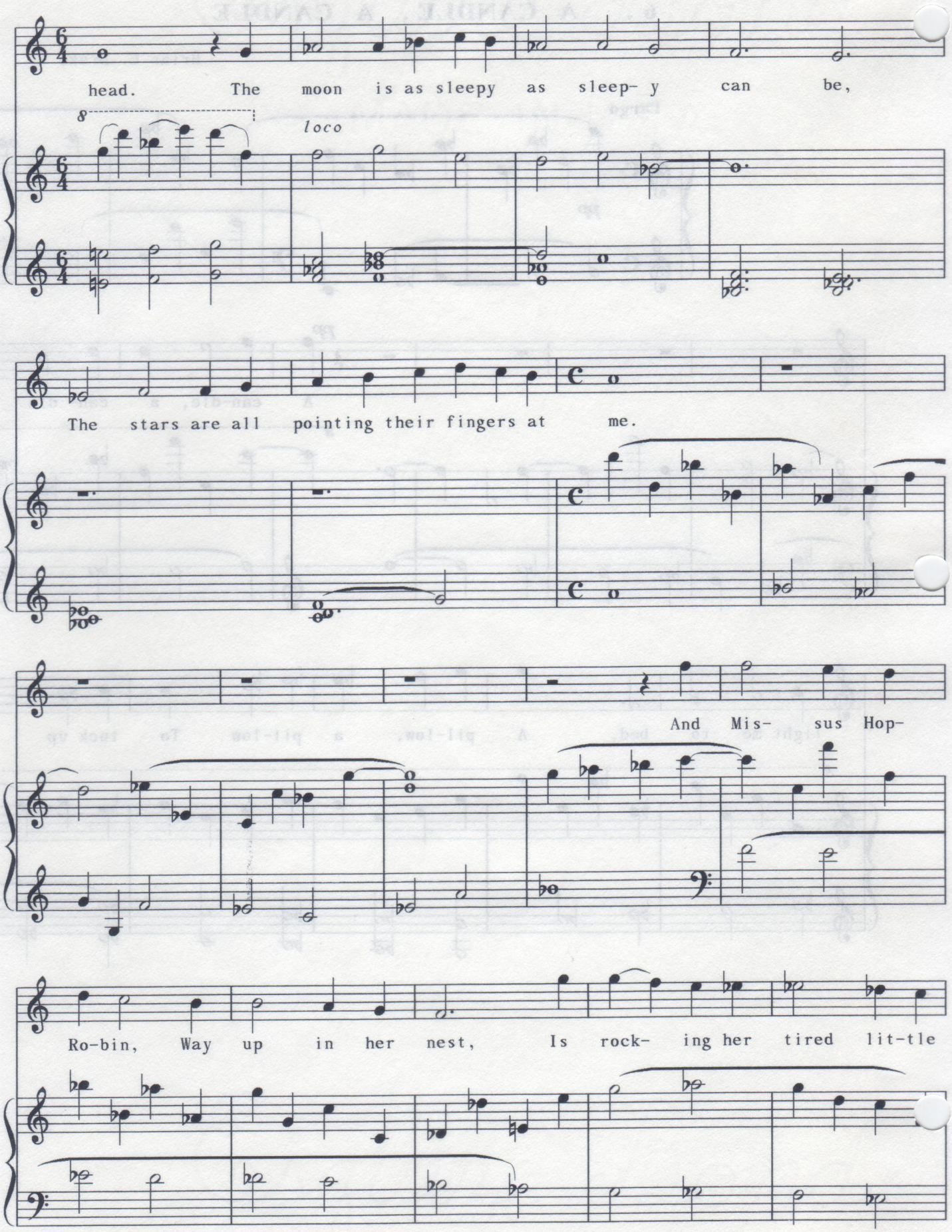
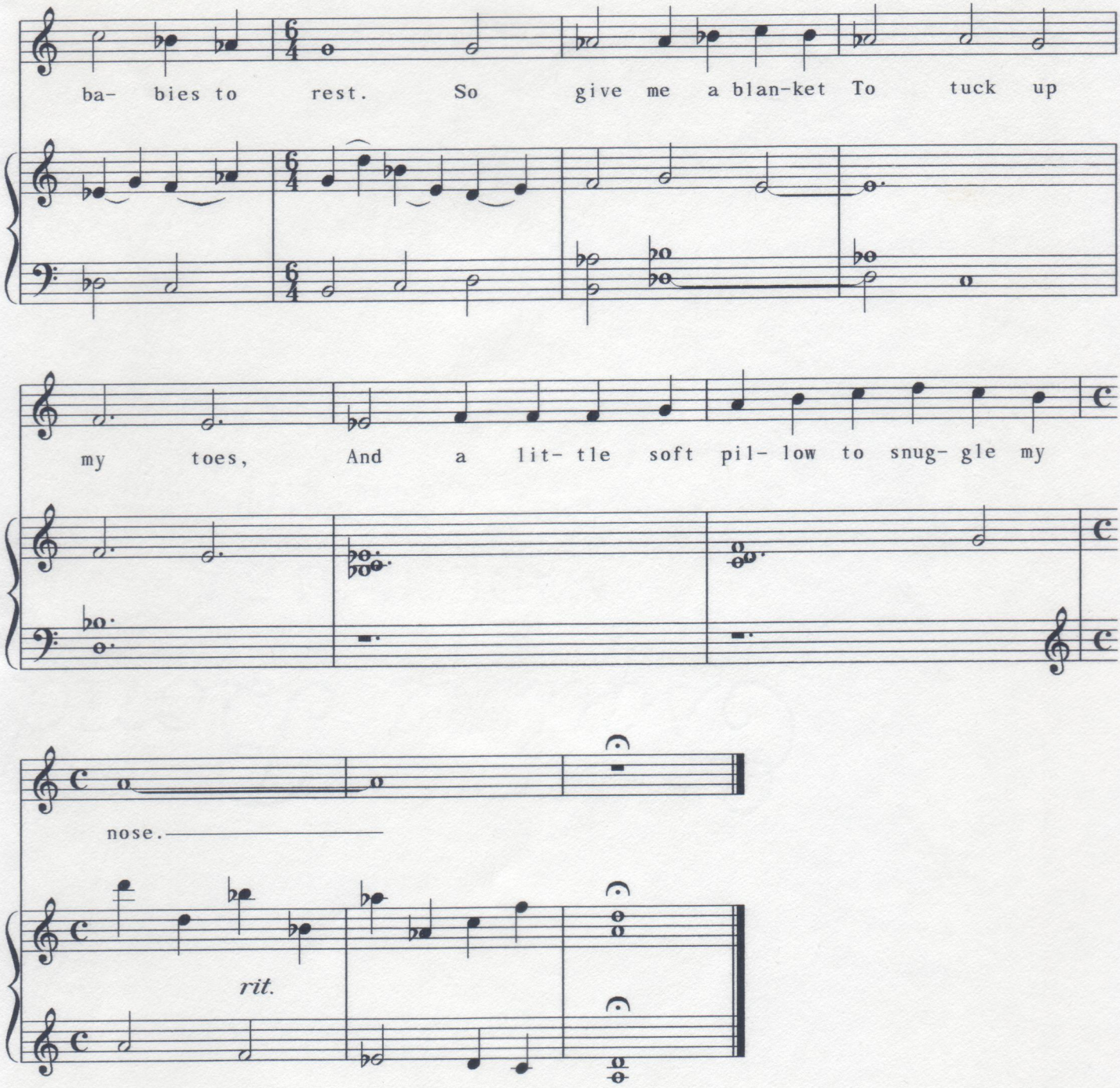

head. The moon is as sleepy as sleep- y can be,
8
loco
The stars are all pointing their fingers at me.
And Mis- sus Hop-
Ro-bin, Way up in her nest, Is rock- ing her tired lit-tle


ba- bies to rest. So give me a blan-ket To tuck up
my toes, And a lit- tle soft pil- low to snug- gle my
nose.
rit.